THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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COMMON SENSE—No. III.

(Concluded from page 34.)

Mr. Easy,

IT is with due deference and a hope of pardon, that I charge females with the greatest quota of delinquency in matrimony, by being too precipitate and negligent in their attachments of love; and not duly considering the necessary means to keep the hymenial flame alive after marriage; so as to render mutual affection and continency as agreeable and durable after an enjoyment of twenty years, as they were during the honey-moon: which can only be effected by a prompt and mutual disposition to please, knowledge of, and attention to business on the part of the husband, and industry and frugality on the part of the wife.

In these days of fashionable excess, we find esteem mostly founded on the figure a man or woman makes on the stage of life, without even so much as asking if she be a virtuous and prudent woman, or if he be a man of good character; and therefore, Sir, I hope you will not bar me from the privilege of approaching the *Easy Chair*, for saying that for the paltry gain of lucre, *Ignorance* and *Folly* in all their habiliments of gaudy show, are mostly prefered to *Virtue*, *sterling Sense* and *Information*. Hence the want of confidence and faith in domestic life; and hence the discord and distrust which pervade that holy state. For my part, I am utterly at a loss to determine which is the most ridiculous character in life, an illiterate, presumptuous and haughty man of fortune, or a jilt; they are not only the pest of social harmony, but are often the curse of their families: For a prudent man grows irascible and unhappy to see himself jilted, and the marriage vow defiled by a mere courtesan; and a woman of sense and ambition is disgusted and perplexed to the heart, when she has a husband whose conversation yields no more to aid the cause of *common sense* and reason, that the tittletattle at a tea party of antiquated maids, who tired of celibacy, and desponding of ever sipping the sweets of connubial bliss, condemn every thing lovely and praiseworthy in nature.

If depraved fops, fawning dupes of coquetry and prostitution, brothel-loungers and the like, would devote more of their time to their respective vocations, the complaints and censures of neglected and injured employers would be less frequent, the cause of virtue and morality aided, and many a good genius reared up to utility and account; so as the more effectually to insure and promote domestic unanimity and concord, and the enjoyment of those cordial drops of bliss peculiar to an happy union of the sexes.

When men exceed the bounds of prudence and decorum, and become habitual libertines and debauchees, it is inconsistent with *common sense* to believe, that they are qualified to make amiable and virtuous women happy; therefore they cannot reasonably expect to find happiness in the conjugal state: Indeed, it is mere folly for such characters even to think of it. In a word, and with emotions of pity be it spoken! they seem to possess no more penetration, than is necessary to decoy the flouncing belles of the day; many of whom are just as fit to be wives and mothers, as I am to be a prelate; and are only calculated to discharge the several functions of the toilet; or for gadding, defamation and slander. Men of sense, information and prudence, view such characters with an eye of caution, while their insignificant insinuations of coquetry, only tend to decoy silly coxcombs.

When men and women think earnestly on matrimony, it is remarkable, that their love is naturally serious and

steady; entirely divested of those little distempers and fits peculiar to those, whose hearts are so flexile, that they become enamoured with every pretty face they see; perhaps to-day they are swooning for some partner at the assembly the preceding night, who no sooner calls and hies them away to the next ball, than poor son of duplicity, he is jilted.

" If there be bliss without design,
" Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
" And be as blest as they."

These are the " wild herd of nymphs and swains," that the author of the above quotation aludes to,

" Who thoughtless, fly into the chains,
" As custom leads the way."

But it is not from such unions that connubial happiness and pure domestic bliss can flow—No,

" Two kindest souls alone must meet;
" 'Tis *friendship* makes the bondage sweet
" And feeds their *mutual loves:*
" Bright Venus on her rolling throne
" Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
" And Cupids yoke the Doves. H.

AN ESSAY ON THE PLAN AND CHARACTER OF THOMSON'S SEASONS.

(Continued from page 39.)

This order and gradation of the whole runs, as has been already hinted through each division of the poem.—Every season has its incipient, confirmed, and receding state, of which its historian ought to give distinct views, arranged according to the succession in which they appear. Each, too, like the prismatic colours, is indistiguishably blended in its origin and termination with that which precedes, and which follows it; and it may be expected from the pencil of an artist to hit off these mingled shades so as to produce a pleasing and picturesque effect. Our Poet has not been inattentive to these circumstances in the conduct of his plan, His SPRING begins with a view of the season as yet unconfirmed, and partaking of the roughness of Winter;* and it is not till after several steps in gradual progression, that it breaks forth in all its ornaments, as the favourite of Love and Pleasure. His AUTUMN, after a rich prospect of its bounties and splendours, gently fades into " the sere, the yellow leaf," and with the lengthened night, the clouded sun, and the rising storm sinks into the arms of Winter. It is remarkable that in order to produce something of a similar effect in his SUMMER, a season which, on account of its uniformity of character, does not admit of any strongly-marked gradations, he has comprised the whole of his discription within the limits of a single day, pursuing the course of the sun from its rising to its setting. A Summer's day is, in reality, a just model of the entire season Its beginning is moist and temperate; its middle, sultry and parching; its close, soft and refreshing. By thus exhibiting all the vicissitudes of Summer under one point of view, they are rendered much more striking than could have been done in a series of feebly contrasted and scarcely distinguishable periods.

With this idea of the general plan of the whole work, and of its several parts, we proceed to take a view of the various subjects composing the descriptive series of which it principally consists.

Every grand and beautiful appearance in nature, that distinguishes one portion of the annual circuit from another is a proper source of materials for the Poet of the Seasons. Of these, some are obvious to the common observer, and require only justness and elegance of taste for the selection: others discover themselves only to the mind opened and enlarged by science and philosophy. All the knowledge we acquire concerning natural objects by such a train of observation and reasoning as merits the appellation of science, is comprehended under the two divisions of Natural Philosophy and Natural History. Both of these may be employed to advantage in descriptive poetry: for although it be true, that poetical composition, being rather calculated for amusement than instruction, and addressing itself to the many who feel, rather than to the few who reason, is improperly occupied about the abstruse and argumentative parts of a science; yet, to reject those grand and beautiful ideas which a philosophical view of nature offers to the mind, merely because they are above the comprehension of vulgar readers, is surely an unnecessary degradation of this noble art. Still more narrow and unreasonable is that critical precept, which, in conformity to the received notion that fiction is the soul of poetry, obliges the poet to adopt ancient errors in preference to modern truths; & this even where truth has the advantage in point of poetical effect. In fact, modern philosophy is as much superior to the ancient in sublimity as in solidity; and the most vivid imagination cannot paint to itself scenes of grandeur equal to those which cool science and demonstration offer to the enlightened mind. Objects so vast and

* A descriptive piece, in which this very interval of time is represented, with all the accuracy of a naturalist, and vivid colouring of a poet, has lately appeared in a poem of Mr. Warton's entitled " The First of April."

magnificent as planets rolling with even pace through their orbits, comets rushing along their devious track, light springing from its unexhausted source, mighty rivers formed in their subterranean beds, do not require, or even admit a heightening from the fancy. The most faithful pencil here produces the noblest pictures; and THOMSON, by strictly adhering to the character of the Poet of Nature, has treated all these topics with a true sublimity, which a writer of less knowledge and accuracy could never have attained. The strict propriety with which subjects from astronomy and the other parts of Natural Philosophy are introduced into a poem, describing the changes of the Seasons, need not be insisted on, since it is obvious that the primary cause of all these changes is to be sought in principles derived from these sciences. They are the ground-work of the whole; and establish that connected series of cause and effect, upon which all those appearances in nature depend, from whence the descriptive poet draws his materials.

Natural History, in its most extensive signification, includes every observation relative to the distinctions, resemblances, and changes of all the bodies, both animate and inanimate, which nature offers to us. These observations, however, deserve to be considered as part of a science only when they refer to some general truth, and form a link of that vast chain which connects all created being in one grand system. It was my attempt, in an essay lately published,* to shew how necessary a more accurate and scientific survey of natural objects than has usually been taken, was to the avoiding the common defects, and attaining the highest beauties of descriptive poetry; and some of the most striking examples of excellence arising from this source were extracted from the poem now before us. It will be unnecessary here to recapitulate the substance of these remarks, or to mark out singly the several passages of our author which display his talents for description to the greatest advantage. Our present design rather requires such a general view of the materials he has collected, and the method in which he has arranged them, as may shew in what degree they forward and coincide with the plan of his work.

The correspondence between certain changes in the animal and vegetable tribes, and those revolutions of the heavenly bodies which produce the vicissitudes of the Seasons, is the foundation of an alliance between Astronomy and Natural History, that equally demands attention, as a matter of curious speculation and of practical utility.—The astronomical calendar, filled up by the Naturalist, is a combination of science at the same time pregnant with important instruction to the husbandman, and fertile in grand and pleasing objects to the poet and philosopher.—THOMSON seems constantly to have kept in view a combination of this kind; and to have formed from it such an idea of the economy of Nature, as enabled him to preserve a regularity of method and uniformity of design through all the variety of his descriptions. We shall attempt to draw out a kind of historical narrative of his progress through the SEASONS, as far as this order is observable.

Spring is characterized as the season of the renovation of nature; in which animals and vegetables, excited by the kindly influence of returning warmth, shake off the torpid inaction of Winter, and prepare for the continuance and increase of the several species. The vegetable tribes, as more independent and self-provided, lead the way in this progress. The poet, accordingly, begins with representing the reviviscent plants emerging, as soon as genial showers have softened the ground, in numbers "beyond the power of botanist to reckon up their tribes." The opening blossoms and flowers soon call forth from their winter retreats those industrious insects which derive sustenance from their nectarious juices. As the beams of the sun become more potent, the larger vegetables, shrubs and trees, unfold their leaves; and, as soon as a friendly concealment is by their means provided for the various nations of the featherd race, they joyfully begin the course of laborious, but pleasing occupations, which are to engage them during the whole season. The delightful series of pictures, so truly expressive of that genial spirit that pervades the Spring, which THOMSON has formed on the variety of circumstances attending the Passion of the Groves, cannot escape the notice and admiration of the most negligent eye. Affected by the same soft influence, and equally indebted to the renewed vegetable tribes for food and shelter, the several kinds of quadrupeds are represented as concurring in the celebration of this charming Season with conjugal and parental rites. Even Man himself, though from his social condition less under the dominion of physical necessities, is properly described as partaking of the general ardour. Such is the order and connexion of the whole book, that it might well pass for a commentary upon a most beautiful passage in the philosophical poet Lucretius; who certainly wanted nothing but a better system and more circumscribed subject, to have appeared as one of the greatest masters of description in either ancient or modern poetry. Reasoning on the unperishable nature, and perpetual circulation, of the

* Essay on the Application of Natural History to Poetry.

particles of matter, he deduces all the delightful appearances of Spring from the seeds of fertility which descend in the vernal showers.

——— pereunt imbres, ubi eas pater Æther
In gremium matris Terrai precipitavit.
At nitidæ surgunt fruges, ramique virescunt
Arboribus ; crescunt ipsæ, fœtuque gravantur :
Hinc alitur porro nostrum genus atque ferarum :
Hinc lætas urbes pueris florere videmus,
Frondiferasque novis avibus canere undique sylvas
Hinc fessæ pecudes pingues per pabula læta
Corpora deponunt. & candens lecteus humor
Uberibus manat distentis ; hinc nova proles
Artubus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas
Ludit, lacte mero mentes percussa novellas.

Lib. I. 251, &c.

The rains are lost, when Jove descends in showers
Soft on the bosom of the parent earth :
But springs the shining grain ; their verdant robe
The trees resume ; they grow, and pregnant bend
Beneath their fertile load : hence kindly food
The living tribes receive ; the cheerful town
Beholds its joyous bands of flowering youth :
With new-born songs the leafy groves resound ;
The full-fed flocks amid the laughing meads
Their weary bodies lay, while wide-distent
The plenteous udder teems with milky juice ;
And o'er the grass, as their young hearts beat high,
Swell'd by the pure and generous streams they drain,
Frolic the wanton lambs with joints infirm.

(To be continued.)

A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 6.)

The yellow beams of the western sun were now lengthened o'er the prospect, & no longer gleamed on the woody glens that were sunken low beneath its bright obliquity, and seemed to feel the soft pressure of repose.

The wooden clock of mine host had proclaimed the fourth hour in the afternoon ere I was prepared for my departure to Fort Augustus, which was fourteen miles distant from the hut, and the road I was obliged to pursue, laid through part of that wild, romantic, and (now) unfrequented tract of country, so famed in song by the renowned bards of Ossian, and whose ancient name was Morven.

If the smallest prospect of comfort had been perceptible from a nights residence in General's Hut, I most certainly should not have ventured to expose myself to dangers I must infallibly risk in the journey I was about to undertake, as the extreme shortness of the days threatened me with the gloom of night at a very early hour in the evening ; and as I was a stranger to every part of the country, which was so little inhabited, and so destitute of the common comforts of life, I felt somewhat uneasy under the idea of being benighted.

However when I considered the wretchedness of my then present habitation, and the probable supposition that I should meet with a comfortable abode for the night, when I should arrive at Fort Augustus ; I became more firm in the resolution I had formed to quit General's Hut that evening, and accordingly the " mute companion of my toils" was caparisoned, and I mounted in order to dare the dangers, or enjoy the pleasures of my ride.

As I quitted this humble habitation of rustic ignorance, and native simplicity, I felt my mind considerably depressed. The honest Highlander, its inhabitant, had been instrumental in affording me a degree of real happiness that few of my days have been blessed with ; and as I slowly proceeded on my way, I cast behind many a look of lingering fondness and gratitude, until the rugged projection of a rock, or the intervening branches of a luxurient wood, precluded my tear-distilling eyes from beholding its humble roof any longer.

As I rode onwards with my eyes bent towards the earth, and while my mind was busily employed in the most pleasing reflection on the various occurrences of the passing day, I was suddenly aroused by " the din of waters thundering o'er the ruined cliffs ;" and when I looked up, perceived myself to be on the brink of the great vortex of Foyers, by which my romantic route led.

Here I beheld the most beautiful phenomenon that I had ever seen. The past day had been alternately cheered by the rays of the sun, or darkened by clouds, but towards evening every impure vapour had disappeared from the clear azure of heaven, and suffered the departing glory of the sun to shoot his last beams over the varied scenes of reposing nature, ere the broad mantle of night shrouded them in darkness.

As I have before mentioned, the spray which is produced by the fall, rises high above the woody precipice surrounding it, and again falls to the earth. The oblique rays of the setting sun caught those minute particles of water which were dancing in the air, and produced by reflection the appearances of innumerable rainbows, mingled together in the most fantastic confusion, exhibiting tints the most various and brilliant that can be conceived.

This beautiful and singular phenomenon, united to the rich colouring of the rocks, the variegated foliage of the trees, the tremendous roaring of the cataract, and some detached columns of illuminated spray, that were playing over the tops of some trees more distant, formed a scene grand, beautiful, and impressive in the highest degree, and

I could not repress a sensation of regret, that I was obliged to quit the interesting spot so soon. But most of the pleasures of man are transitory and fleeting as the silvery clouds that roll over him, and he cannot command their continuance.

Leaving this scene, which I can never forget, I approached a range of mountains which appeared to be entirely covered by thick woods of oak and beach-trees. My road appeared to wind amongst them, and at their feet, the river before-mentioned, glided onwards in a gentle murmuring, and beautifully meandering stream, uninterrupted by any of those rude impediments, which in my former views of it, had so frequently disturbed the tranquility of its course.

As I penetrated the woody recesses of these rocks, a secret awe, arising from the influence of the sublime objects which every where arose to my view, and a solemn silence that reigned throughout, crept insensibly over my mind. I appeared to be the only human being then disturbing the native sanctity of the spot. All was calm and serene, as though the creation slept, and not a sound vibrated on the still air, save the hollow tramps of my steed, which were returned in soft responses from the secret echoes that were listening nigh.

The road turned with many windings amongst this wild scenery, and as I was slowly ascending the first rocky eminence I again looked back on the prospect I had quitted, perhaps, for ever. The scene was indeed impressive; the sun had nearly finished his daily course, and his radiant car which had now descended very near the horizon, was just discernable over the bold summits of distant mountains, whose lofty brows were tinged by his golden rays, while his fainter beams had scarcely strength sufficient to cast the lengthened shadows of the neighbouring trees across the road upon which I stood. Part of the lake, which was now left far behind, faintly gleamed through an opening in the remote mountains, and was scarcely distinguishable from the blue mist of evening, that forbade the pensive sight from embracing more distant objects, and threw a veil of softness over the scenery not to be described; whilst the hoarsely roaring of Foyers, now rendered a tremulous murmur by distance, was borne along on the evening breeze, which now began to sigh amongst the trees, and warble wild her sweetest strains of untaught melody. My soul, absorbed in pensive thought, received a kind of divine placidity from the influence of these enchanting notes, played by the invisible minstrels of Œolus, who were now chanting forth their heavenly music in harmonious consonance with the beauteous scenery, and which could only be felt.

Such exquisite imagery as I there beheld, might indeed have inspired Scotia's ancient bards with the most sublime conceptions in their poetical effusions, in which are sung the tender tales of love, or the great achievements of their mightiest chiefs. Here, indeed it was, where the favoured bards of Ossian dwelt and sung amongst the rocks, and shades of "woody Morven."

Obliged to proceed, I again pursued my way, and leaving this picturesque and placid scenery, I entered upon a wilder range of mountains, far more barren than any of those I yet seen; and as the shades of evening began to darken the prospect, and render every object of one obscure tint, these rude barriers of Nature became of an unusually gloomy appearance, and rose horific to the view.

The sky, which had hitherto been clear and beautiful, gradually became overspread by heavy clouds, whose sombre hues, nearly hid the pale face of the moon, as she was rising in solemn majesty to her distinguished station in the heavens, and by their encreasing darkness, portended a dismal and cheerless night, if not attended with those storms and whirl-winds that sometimes drive along through the northern mountains, and rend their massy heights.

I proceeded as rapidly as my peculiar circumstances would allow, and after a dreary ride I found myself in the middle of a vast black moor. I looked around with painful anxiety, and was not a little delighted when I perceived a man and a little boy, who were driving some small, meagre, black cattle, across the barren waste, towards a peat-built hamlet, which stood at no great distance, and bore every appearance of perfect wretchedness. I immediately quitted the grass-grown road, and approaching the man, enquired how far distant I was from Fort Augustus. This obscure Highlander appeared to observe me with a considerable degree of attention, but made no kind of answer to my eager question; and as the anxious state of my mind required immediate satisfaction, I repeated it with no small degree of ardour; he then placed the first-finger of his hand upon his lips, and shaking his head, informed me by this dumb shew, that he could not speak English, and I was then unacquainted with the Gaelic, which is the native language of the Highlanders.

You may easily suppose that this disappointment served to irritate my feelings still more, and I returned somewhat dejected to the road.

The genial and all enlivening rays of the sun, now no longer shone upon the earth, or cheered her creatures by the presence of day. The harsh screams of the night-birds

already announced the close of twilight; and instead of being gratified by the picturesque views which I had so recently beheld, I could now only just perceive the rude outlines of tremendous mountains, which appeared to be reclining in dull repose, and slumbering on their heavy bases.

"Both sea and land looked dark and confined, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided."

Even the melancholy pleasure I derived from the contemplation of the sublime objects of nature, thus indiscriminately beheld, was soon denied me, by the intervention of total darkness, which was but occasionally illumined by the transitory beams of the moon, that sometimes gleamed her pale light through the gloom of a cheerless night.

All the real and imaginary terrors of a benighted scene now rushed in full force on my mind. Wholly unacquainted with the road and nature of the country I was traversing, I proceeded with all the caution circumstances would allow, which was rendered more necessary when the frequent stumbles of my beast, led me to imagine that I quitted the beaten road. The intolerable suspense occasioned by this idea had arisen to a most painful height, when in an unlucky moment, my poor brute fell and rolled over me.

(To be continued.)

A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER, GOING TO BE MARRIED.

You are now, my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length, conducted you to a safe happy, and honourable protection, in the very bosom of love and honour. You must be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man, who confers upon you independence, distinction, and, above all, felicity.

Moderate then, my beloved child, your own private expences, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes.

I fear not that, with your education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for his honour and happiness, and to heaven itself, for those rich talents intrusted to your care and your improvement; and though, in the maze of pleasure, or the whirl of fashion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling girl, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us for our least omission.

FENELON.

One of his clergy congratulating himself in the presence of this amiable bishop, for having effected the abolition of the custom of the peasants to dance on Sundays and festival days, FENELON replied—Mr. Rector, let us refrain from dancing; but let us permit these poor people to dance; why should we prevent them from forgetting for a moment the extent of their griefs?

The following remark of a literary man on witnessing the destruction of his library by a fire, has been justly praised: "I should have derived very little advantage from my books, if I had not learnt to support their loss."—But FENELON's saying, on a similar occasion, is much more simple and affecting.—"I had much rather," said he, "that they were burned than a poor man's cottage."

FENELON frequently visited the environs of *Cambray* on foot; and entering the cottages of the peasants, sate him-down by them, and gave them comfort and consolation. The old men who had the happiness of seeing him, were accustomed to speak of him with the tenderest respect; "that," said they, "is the wooden chair on which our good archbishop used to sit in the midst of us; we shall never see him more;" and they shed tears.

EST, EST, EST.

"On our arrival" (relates Mr. WOLFF, in his sketches on a Tour through the south of Europe) at *Monte Fusci-one*, we stopped at an inn, rendered remarkable by a circumstance, which the landlord took care to impress on our minds. A German count, called JOHANNES DE FOUCRIS, travelled through this part of Italy some years since, and being in the habit of sending his servant, as an *avant courier*, to ascertain the quality of the best wines in the country, gave him directions, whenever he found them excellent, to chalk *est* upon the door of the respective inns. The servant, who appears to have had some knowledge of the juice of the grape, was so pleased with that of *Monte Fascione*, that he triply obeyed the instructions he had received, and, in large letters, wrote, *est*, *est*, *est*, over the entrance of this *osteria*.

On the arrival of the German count, he was so much biassed by the opinion of his domestic, that he quitted not

the tempting liquor, till he had made so extraordinary a sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus, that he absolutely expired with the cup in his hand, filled with the intoxicating beverage. During several subsequent years, it was the custom to pour two barrels of this wine over the tomb of the count in consequence of the directions of his German heirs. Now, however, the money is distributed in a more beneficial manner among the poor of the village. A monument is erected to the memory of this son of Bacchus, in the church of *Saint Flavius*, on which this inscription is engraved—

Est! Est! Est!
Propter nimium est Johannes de Fourcris dominus meus mortuis est.

PRIVATE AFFECTIONS.

(*In his zeal for what he calls* "JUSTICE," *and for the Depreciation of the affections and Motives of the Heart; and under an unaccountable Persuasion, that he is not wholly unqualified for the business of a Divine*, Mr. Godwin *has affirmed, in a late Publication*, Entitled, *Thoughts occasioned by the perusal of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon; being a Reply to the Attacks of Dr. Parr, Mr. Mackintosh, &c. that Christ himself has spoken "again and again in* DISPARAGEMENT OF THE PRIVATE AFFECTIONS!")

Merciful Saviour! thou, who hast not only prepared an eternal bliss for thy faithful servants, but meanwhile soothest the pains of our mortal state with those tender charities which thy religion only can inspire; thou who didst "lean on the bosom of thy beloved disciple," and dignify affection by thy sacred example; thou who, on the cross, didst exalt friendship into the feelings of fraternal love; who in a disciple didst regard a brother, and badest thy mother "behold" in him "a son;" pardon the weakness, or correct the wilfulness of this slanderer of thy name. Teach him we pray thee, that "endless questions," and "vain babblings" of philosophy, are not a knowledge of thee and of thy word. Teach him, besides, that thy religion is of the heart; that affection to thy service is the sanction of moral obedience; that by the force of pious motives, the common acts of goodnes are quickned into Christian graces; that even a "cup of cold water," given in thy name, is precious in thy sight; and the costliest offerings of a callous and self-sufficient virtue, end only in that vanity from which they sprang: "Verily, they have their reward."

"Have a good heart," said a physician to a sick countryman, who had been long attended & crammed with drugs by an ignorant apothecary, "what is your disorder?"—"Physic,"—"What do you chiefly complain of?"—"The doctor."—"Does your head ach?"—"Yea, with impertinence,"—"Have you a pain in your back?"—"Yes, where the blister lies."—"Are you sick at stomach?"—"Yes, with hunger."—"Do you feel any shiverings?"—"Always at the sight of the apothecary."—"Do you perceive any load on your bowels?"—"I wish the apothecary's conscience was as clear."—"Are you thirsty?"—"Not thirsty enough to drink barley water,"—"Well my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgatory in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we will set you on your legs again without further question. Here nurse, open that window, and throw these vials into the street; now lower the curtain without shuting the casement, that the man may not be stifled. In the next place take off two thirds of these coals, and one third of these blankets. How do you feel now?"—"I should feel my heart whole, if so be you would throw the nurse after the bottles, and the apothecary after the nurse, and order me a pound of chops for my dinner, for I be so hungry, I could eat a horse,"

The late Philip Thicknesse, who travelled through Portugal and Spain, in a one horse chair, with a monkey for his postillion, used to remark that these nations, as well as France, and indeed every other, had their peculiar absurdities. "The Spaniards keep the keys of many of their city gates in a lodge *on the outside of their walls*, Their eggs are brought to market in sacks, and their walnuts in baskets. A Frenchman, when he travels in a warm post-chaise, has a white beaver laced cap, which covers his ears and buttons under his chin; but when he walks the streets, though the weather is ever so cold, or whatever be his age, he wears his hat under his arm."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PROMPTER came too late for this number; for his undissembled friendship he has our thanks. "A series of numbers" on so interesting a subject as the Theatre, cannot fail being received with eagerness and read with avidity.

THE SUBALTERN though he may not have it in his power to "amuse one half of the world and instruct the other" has abilities to instruct and amuse our readers and is in a fair way for promotion.

SIDNEY came just in time to have its receipt acknowledged.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Poor pensive Peter once prefer'd his suit
To gentle Anna, who he lov'd sincere;
But she nor lik'd him, talking nor when mute,
Tho' he had often call'd her Anna dear!
At length, quite tired with dalliance, he declared
That he would now no more disclose his ills,
For that his bile o'erflowed---at which she stared,
And then prescribed some Anti-bilious pills. BIBO.

PAT AND THE LOOKING GLASS.

Pat's master one day caught him at the Glass
With eyes clos'd up and head erected;
Nor of his being seen had he suspected,
Or ever dreampt his master by would pass,
To interrupt his peep:
But he was disappointed for this once,
As he soon found; for on his naked sconce,
His master fetch'd him such a rap
As made him reel; poor silly chap---
When with a lame apology,
He said, he shut his eyes to see,
What for a look he had when he was fast asleep. BIBO.

From a late Edinburgh publication, we have selected the following beautiful poem; it is the production of a young man who has attracted the attention of the literati of Scotland. He is styled the Etric Shepherd, and bids fair to rival the justly celebrated Burns.

THE MAN OF SORROW.

When the tempest howls loud through the dark wither'd grove,
And the rude blasts of winter all nature deform;
Amid the dire scenes, unapall'd, I could rove
And rest, undisturb'd by the rage of the storm.

Yet why, when the wild winds of winter are flown,
When hush'd to repose are the waves of the sea,
When spring o'er the earth her green mantle has thrown,
And the sweet voice of gladness is heard from the tree;

When all the fair objects that earth can bestow,
Combine to inspire me with transports of joy;
Oh! why on my tongue dwell the accents of woe?
Why bursts from my bosom the sorrow-fraught sigh?

When the blushes of morn tinge the clouds of the east,
I seek the lone cave on the wave-beaten shore;
Where the sea-bird screams wild as she starts from her nest,
And the loud-sounding surges in hollow rocks roar;

I sit by the rock, hoary, rugged and bare,
That rears its broad breast in the midst of the waves;
Where the Mermaid, they say, often combs her dark hair
And sings o'er the sailors that rest in their graves.

When the sun sinks behind the high hills of the west,
'Mid the wild haunts of Nature I wander to mourn,
And call to remembrance the days that are past,
The days of delight that shall never return.

I see with regret, where the hawthorn tree stood,
And the yellow furze blossom'd,—the marks of the plough;
Yet, pleas'd, I behold the rock shatter'd and rude,
And view with delight the black mountain's bare brow.

Beneath the tall elm, waving dark in the air,
Oft I rest, when the moon lights her lamp in the sky;
Ah! why must I tell that my Peggy sleeps there?
And that there all my hopes and my happiness lie!

EPIGRAM.

To Him who put on the Hatchment "IN CŒLO QUIES."

By Huddesford.

"In Cœlo quies!"—very well.
But is the Old Man there, can'st tell?
'Tis modest tho'...In Cœlo quies:
You'll give me leave to guess how nigh he is.
Why didst not write "Qui es in Cœlo,
If thou wast sure, he's not gone bélow?

IMPROMPTU.

On being asked "WHAT IS LOVE?"

By the same.

Love's more than Language can express,
Or Thought can reach, tho' thought is free;
'Tis only felt;---'tis what I feel,
And hope my Cynthia feels for me.

AN EARLY VIEW OF THE STATE OF THE AMERICAN QUESTION—1776.

In a dialogue between some Boilers and Chafing-dishes.

By the same.

Each morn the Chafing-dishes round
The College quadrangles are found;
And, as the Coals begin to glisten,
You'll hear the Boiler, if you listen,
Running his treble notes up high,
To Chafing-dish beneath him cry:
"Wee, wee, wee, we, wehee, wee, we!*
"Shall both of us exhausted be,
"Between this Fire, and you, and me,
"About a Dish or two of Tea?"

* Da Capo.

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